

June 10, 1979.]

[illegible]



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[JUNE 18, 1910, No. 2.]

THE INVENTOR.

THE ORATIVE PRIDE OF THE MECHANIC.

If any form of pride is justifiable and proper, it is that of production, or calling into existence. The author feels a pride in his successful book, the writer in the influence of his articles, the business man in the enterprise he has awakened, the wealthy man in the fortune he has accumulated. Each and all feel an honorable pride in their own agency in achieving success. Some of them can feel the thrill of misadventure which belongs to the mechanic or inventor.

The author and writer have used only the means already prepared, and needing only arrangement. The arrangement of words, phrases and sentences, is the writer's; and rarely can they justify claim the accumulation of original ideas. The human mind, in some age, has evolved them, in some form, before they reproduced them. They may, by giving them a new dress, or presenting them from a new point of view, add to the force, or intensify the effect; but rarely is the writer a creator. The same is true of the successful business man, and the accumulator of fortune. They simply use the means provided at their hands; means in most cases already prepared, and needing only the directing power of judgment and the controlling power of will.

But the mechanic, from misshapen materials constructs the noble edifice, the steam-defying ship, and the thousand machines which become the collaborators with him in aiding the progress of the race. He, from crude matter, eliminates the moving, acting, almost intelligent machines which perform the labor of hundreds of human hands in a better manner than those hands could do even aided by brains. He has the advantage of the thinker or writer in seeing, in palpable form, the result of his labor, in beholding its action, and estimating its value. No producer could have enjoyed a higher degree of satisfaction than Fulton when his first steamboat successfully steamed the current of the Hudson. What could have equaled the pride of Watt when his engine was fairly at work doing the labor of a hundred horses, or spinning, or with lack of originality, or talent. Often no return of material profit succeeds his labor. He may be sneered in his own mind that his production is worthless, but he may find it difficult to convince others of the fact. He is compelled to appeal to the taste and judgment of others, or to their appreciation of the truth; and possibly he is so far ahead of the demands of his time that he must wait for his utterance to do the work of centuries before he will be understood and rewarded, and that reward may never come to him in this life.

The journalist is in a worse condition. A miser to the present wants and changing opinions of the whimsical public, he may be unduly flattered on the one hand, or unjustly blamed on the other; or he may be tempted to use his position and prostitute his talents to the work of sustaining a rotten project, or assisting in the designs of unprincipled and ambitious schemers. His work is constant and mainly secret and unknown. Few give him credit for aiding in some measure of public advantage or social reform, but rather claim for themselves the origination of the movement, or the credit of giving practical form to his suggestions. He seldom knows whether his labor has been of effect or not; and if he does ascertain that it was the moving power, he is seldom personally benefited.

But the mechanic appeals directly to a powerful element, the material needs of the race. He constructs a machine which saves labor, and gives those who introduce and use it the means of wealth. The crude material, shapeliness and form, becomes, under his hand, and by the exercise of his skill, formed, shaped, and endowed with life. It is a portion of himself and obeys his will. Even if curious detractors seek to rob him of the credit of his invention or skill, his success contrasted with their failure is a sufficient refutation of the slander, and he can rejoice in the consciousness that others acknowledge his merits and appreciate his labors. Besides, he has the satisfaction of seeing his creation grow day by day under his hands, and in witnessing the ultimate full success of his endeavor. We doubt if any pursuit is more generous in its returns than that of the mechanic, not only in its material returns, but in the satisfaction its success offers to the workman.

INDEPENDENTLY of the wealth, influence, and greatness which industry gains for us, it carries along with it another great advantage—it is conducive to the preservation of health. All things in nature are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, and in their lustre, by motion; but, when resting, they become corrupted or spoiled. The air, when it is stilled by breeze, is pure and wholesome; but, when inactive, it is thick and putrid. Metals, when in use, are smooth and sparkling; but, when laid by, they contract rust. The soil, when tilled, yields corn; but, when fallow, it is overgrown with weeds and thistles. In fact, everything in nature is preserved in its proper condition by constant agitation. So the mortal and bodily faculties of man, when in constant exercise, are preserved and improved; but, when unemployed, they become dull and heavy, as if they had contracted a rust. By industry alone, then, do we preserve our health, and perfect our nature.

SMITH'S WIFE.

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

My story is about Smith's wife; and, mind you, Smith's wife isn't my wife, because I'm a bachelor; but unless I'm very much mistaken there is another Smith in town—perhaps two. Smith's wife was a little, round woman—not fat, but just pleasantly plump; there was a nice roundness about her eyes, and cheeks, and shoulders, and arms; good full curves to her red lips and pinky shelly ears; and though you would never have thought of calling her handsome, or even pretty, she was decidedly nice. She was a shrewd little body, too, with plenty of common sense; and if it had fallen to your lot to have come home for any "Oh," you would never have forgotten it.

Now, pray don't imagine that by the word "matrimonial," I mean a half-sarcastic or cynical cry. Nothing of the kind. "Oh!" with Mrs. Smith expressed as much as five minutes of some people's conversation; for it was accompanied by a look and an entire tightening of the lips, and sometimes meant a very great deal, as Charles Smith very well knew. Ah! knew it before he had been married one month of the twenty-four to which at the time present his matrimonial life had extended.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Walnut street Theatre."

"Me? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistakes altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith; and so her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the wood consumed as a sedative while some abstracted brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spougeful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness being manifested upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe test. "I like coming home; only because I like you so badly last night, Charles; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."



The Inventor.—The crude material, shapeliness and form, becomes, under his hand, and by the exercise of his skill, formed, shaped, and endowed with life.

A STORY.

Don't read the second column to your wife, young man, because it is likely to make her cry.

The girl is generally educated on novels, and her first disappointment comes in the quiet indifference of the husband after the honeymoon. "You love me no longer," said a bride of a few months to her better half, in tears and sobs. "Why do you say that, poor?" he asked, quietly, removing a cigar from his lips. "You do not come to me and call me pet names; you no longer seek to excite me for my company," was the laconic answer. "My dear," continued the aggrieved wretch, "did you ever notice a man running after a cat? How he does run—over stones, through hedges, regardless of everything, still he reaches the cat, and he seems held and he swings on. Then he quietly sits himself and reads the paper."

"And what does that mean?" asked the girl. "The cat is as important to the man after he gets in as when he is chasing it, but the manifestation is no longer called for. I would have said anyone who put himself in my way when I am pursuing you, as I would shoot any one now who would come between us, but as a proof of my love you insist upon my running after the cat. Learn to smoke, my dear, and be a philosopher. The two combined will clear the brain, quiet the nerves, open the pores, and improve the digestion."

NATURAL BEAUTY.—All our most beautiful features are so interwoven with our intellectual powers that we cannot afford the one without in some degree affecting the other; and, in all high ideas of beauty, it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and unimpeachable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our highest ideas of what is comely and rightly called intellectual beauty. Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the mind, luxuriously exciting and purifying it according to their degree. And it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly-perceiving mind, does not present an immeasurably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts.

MIND AND HEALTH.—The mental condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depression and morbid conditions of the mind; but it is no less true that cheerful and disengaged emotions produce disease in persons who, untroubled by them, would be in sound health; or, if disease is not produced, the functions are considerably lessened. Not even physicians always consider the mental state of their patients. The mind is a most delicate and sensitive organ, and it is not to be wondered at that it is so easily affected by the various emotions of the soul. It is a fact, well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by passing upon it too heavily and continuously in early life. A registered case of a young man, who was a student of medicine, is reported in the following terms: "He was a very bright and cheerful young man, and he was a very successful student. He was a very bright and cheerful young man, and he was a very successful student. He was a very bright and cheerful young man, and he was a very successful student."

Parents and teachers should bear this fact in mind.

June 1st, 1878.

row. In the next case a truck must be made of black oak—less of the heavy quality. These tables

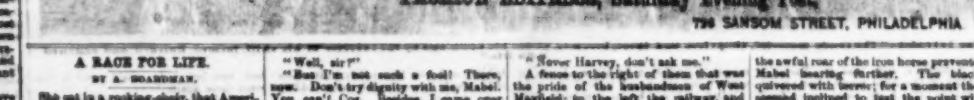
...the morning succeeding one's birth party. ...

Ten, eleven, twenty minutes past
Farm houses rose, neared them, &
cut their sharp angles and faded as
the

The roar of the approaching train
burns to them on the soft brown. The

is more than they had ever been before.

boldly claim it as a distinction.



his manner, but a storm out of the whirled impelled those onward.

Suddenly the sound that Harvey Brown dreamed himself hearing on the morning after the explosion came back to him. It was a nerve, deafening, penetrating, disorienting—a long drawn scream from the motive that seemed to convey a warning of forgotten danger. He was startled, and rounded himself madly, then as he stood still, trembling with terror. The shriek, piercing whistles, the incoherence, the horrible roar as the clang of the train, the death of it against him, peered too close for Mabe as he shudderingly strove to shut out some of sound and sight.

When she withdrew her hands from her ears, she thoroughly was returned up Appleton's Lane, peering if each breath was to their use, when the lightning train shot past like a harrier from Jew's magazine. As the train swept past on its mad mission, Harvey Brown ejaculated a flaccid "Thank God."

Mabe's head darted his eyes anxiously this way or that, his severity, as the eyes were lifted to those of the coach which had been upon her so lately, they felt that their souls were drawn nearer to each other at this moment than they had ever been before.

THE NEW WORLD OF LONDON.

HERE ARE SOME CURIOUS STATISTICS ABOUT London, which we extract from one of the papers issued by the London City Mission:

It covers within the fifteen miles' radius of the City of London nearly 300 square miles.

It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants.

It comprises 100,000 foreigners in every quarter of the globe.

Its population more than 100,000 Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more country-bore persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire, and Durham combined.

It has a birth in it every five minutes and a death every eight minutes, an average addition every day in its 1,500 miles of streets.

It has on an average 20 million of new suits opened, and 8,000 new houses built in it every year.

It has 1,000,000 shillings and 4,000 millions the poor every day.

It has 117,000 habitual criminals on its Police register, increasing at an average of 20,000 per annum.

It has no more good horse-shops and goldsmiths as would, if placed side by side stretch from Charing Cross to Portmouth, a distance of 78 miles.

It has no more paupers as would more than enough every house in Brighton.

It has an infirmity with all parts of the world, represented by the year's delivery in its postal districts of 228,000,000 letters.

A WOMAN may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a sensible dress. A man's perfrill and gaudiness are more undignified than his better-half's more about with a continental cover upon her head.

When a man is hideously ugly, only duty is in glorying in it. Let his beauty claim it as a distinction.